

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently! It is better far  
To rule by love, than fear—  
Speak gently—let no harsh words mar  
The good we might do here?  
The vows that true hearts bind;  
And gently friendship's accents flow;  
Affection's voice is kind.  
Speak gently to the little child!  
Its love be sure to gain;  
Teach it in accents soft and mild—  
It may not long remain.  
Speak gently to the young, for they  
Will have enough to bear—  
Pass through this life as best they may,  
'Tis full of anxious care!  
Speak gently to the aged one,  
Grieve not the careworn heart,  
The sands of life are nearly run,  
Let such in peace depart!  
Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;  
Let no harsh tone be heard;  
They have enough, they must endure,  
Without a wounding word!  
Speak gently to the erring—know  
How frail are all! how vain,  
Perchance unkindness made them so;  
Oh, win them back again.  
Speak gently—He who gave his life  
To bend man's stubborn will,  
When elements were in fierce strife,  
Said to them—"Peace, be still."  
Speak gently! 'Tis a little thing  
Dropped in the heart's deep well;  
The good, the joy, which it may bring,  
Eternity shall tell.

## Another Man In The House.

Donaghue knelt at the door and put a practiced ear at the keyhole. There was a faint sound of breathing, so faint that Donaghue pressed his rough ear still closer to the brass aperture in the door and listened even more intently. His small eyes glistened in the dark hallway like the eyes of a cat (he had been nicknamed "The Cat" for this very peculiarity), but there was no one in the house to see those glistening eyes save the servants, fast asleep two stories above, and the occupants of this one room. He had watched that house three preceding days and nights. He knew that it was occupied by a young man and his wife—evidently newly married and beyond doubt rich. He knew that the servants were a cook, two maids, and a butler, and he had almost worked out in his mind just where the pretty wife placed her jewelry when she went to bed in the second floor room, and just what means the husband took to secure his probably well-filled purse.

When one is in the habit of making social calls of the description that Donaghue was making, it is much better to find husbands away from home, servants and occupants of the house all asleep, and the policeman on the beat quite out of hearing.

The fact was Donaghue shrank from notoriety. He preferred a quiet entrance by the window, wholly unobserved if possible, and, departing, left not his card nor anything else that was of value and at the same time portable. Indeed Donaghue was not the tall, handsome fellow that most heroes are. On the contrary, he was of medium height, spare, slouchy, and had a general appearance that was anything but prepossessing. He was not a member of polite society.

"Dead easy," said Donaghue to himself. "A young married couple, as I thought, and husband's away on the loose. She's calling his name in her sleep. But I needn't expect him until morning, and when he does come home—he'll probably be drunk. That's what I call dead easy."

He turned the knob of the door and opened it the fraction of an inch. His small eyes glistened in the dark as he found that the door was not locked, and that in all probability it would not squeak.

Slowly and with infinite care he opened the door and entered the room. Four feet from him, as he stood almost breathless, with his hand still clasping the knob of the door, lay the sleeping form of a woman. A flood of moonlight from the window fell upon her and melted the pink of her cheek, the cream of her throat, the lace of the nightdress and the white sheet that wrapped her into one semigolden hue. The undulation caused by her breathing made her look like a drooping lily swayed by the gentlest of breezes.

"Great heavens!" thought Donaghue, "what a beauty!" He could hear her faintly mutter the name "Paul—Paul," at intervals, and he had a vague consciousness of a certain disrespect for Paul, whoever he might be. A man

must be a brute to leave such a woman alone at night. He lingered but a moment, though. Beauty was a thing of little value to Donaghue. His own Maggie was hardly cursed with the fatal gift of beauty, and she was quite as jealous as other wives. He stepped softly and quickly to the dressing case at the other end of the room. He picked up a perfumed lace handkerchief and threw it away impatiently, although in his more youthful days a lace handkerchief he would have considered a prize of no mean value. Below it he found what he wanted and expected—a locket and chain, a jeweled watch, heavy bracelet, a pin, and what seemed to him a handful of rings. He held them all up in the moonlight and noticed how they sparkled in his trembling hand and he smiled with delight.

He returned and looked at her. He felt like adding a stolen kiss to the other jewels he had taken. He almost laughed aloud at the thought of such a man as he kissing such a peerless beauty as the woman who lay on the bed before him. And he was just about to depart as peacefully as a social caller, when suddenly he heard the slamming of the front door in the hall below.

"Her old man," said Donaghue, forgetting that he was probably a young man, "and I'm caught. Caught—burglary—ten years at the least. I'll kill him. But I'll be caught whether I kill him or not, and—self upbraiding—"I could have got away easily enough if I hadn't stopped to look at her."

Again he stepped quickly to the door and listened. He heard footsteps in the back parlor, or library, whichever it was. Perhaps the man had been out on business and would stop there for a minute or two at his desk. Perhaps there was, after all, a chance for escape. He was cool and careful. He dropped the jewels on the bed. It would not do to be caught with them about him. And he went out. The door squeaked this time, and the young wife started in her sleep, awoke and half rose in her bed.

Donaghue at the same time heard the shuffle of feet in the room below. He paused and listened at the top of the stairs.

Even though the man had heard the door squeak, he had not left the back room.

Donaghue tripped over the stairs as softly as a cat. He had been in a tight fix before, and he was never cleverer than when he knew that he was in danger.

But luck was against him. There was a fur rug at the foot of the stairs. The floor beneath was polished. He slipped and fell, and in spite of himself he uttered an exclamation that was profane enough to be unmistakably masculine. He heard the man rush from the library, and how it all happened he hardly knew, but some way or other he managed to dash into the dark parlor to throw open the window and jump out.

He expected to fall at least eight or ten feet. He did not fall two feet. He had jumped out on a porch, evidently, for he could see the railing in the moonlight. There was one thing to do—to hide directly beneath the window in the shadow and wait. He knew his pursuer would be there in a moment. He knew there would be a hue and cry. Still, there was a chance.

True enough, the man came to the window; but, to the infinite surprise of Donaghue, he made no outcry. He heard the man utter a half articulate "Heaven! has it come to this?" He heard him walk a few steps and strike a match. He saw the light of the gas jets from the window, and then he knew that he was safe, and he cursed himself for a fool for leaving the jewels behind.

He heard a woman's step in the room. The man at the window turned.

"How dare you look me in the face?" he cried. "How dare you come to me after this?"

Calmly the woman raised herself to her feet and, looking at the man, said in a forced whisper:

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? You know what I mean," answered the man. "He has been here at last—perhaps not for the first time. But I

have found it out. I have found you out."

Donaghue heard a little stifled moan, and the crash of a body as it fell on the floor. He began to gather a crude idea of what it was all about. He had had some experiences with Maggie. He had been jealous himself once. He raised himself a little higher and peered over the sill of the window.

The woman was not moaning now, but in a dead faint, and, with her face as white as the sheet that had covered her in the room above, she lay motionless at the feet of the man who accused her.

The man stood over her with burning cheeks and clinched hands.

"And the cat ran away from you? He didn't even stay to fight me like a man! He's a coward. I knew it when we met him in Baden. He's a villain. I knew it when he followed us to London. He can take you now. I don't want you. And some day he'll run away from you, poor, beautiful, miserable fool, just as he has run away from me."

There was considerable human nature in Donaghue, even though he did make his living in a peculiar way. This was a little more than he could stand. He jumped up and leaped back through the window.

"Look here!" he shouted, and then was suddenly silent, for a pair of strong hands were clasped about his throat, and the heavy weight of the larger man had borne him to the floor in a moment.

"You, such a being as you, my wife's lover!" roared the man.

"No!" screamed Donaghue, making a desperate effort to free himself.

"Well, who are you?" said the man.

"Let me sit up and I'll tell you," answered Donaghue.

The man released him, still keeping him within arms' reach in the corner of the room. Donaghue felt his throat tenderly.

"Well?" said the man peremptorily.

"I'm the man that was in the house," said Donaghue, sullenly.

"What do you mean? Why were you here?" asked the man.

"Well," answered Donaghue, regaining some of his customary bravado, "I wanted to add some of your jewelry to my collection. See? If you don't believe me, you'll find it where I threw it away, up in your wife's room."

The man turned and dropped to his knees by the side of the prostrate woman. He put his ear to her heart, and when he raised his head again Donaghue saw that there were tears in his eyes.

"Thank God, she has only fainted," said the man. "Bring me some water from the library."

Donaghue brought the water in a solid silver pitcher that made him sigh with a vain wish that he had got away with it and the jewels above.

"She will be all right in a moment," said the man, "and you may go."

"Thanks," said Donaghue nonchalantly, going toward the window.

"Perhaps it is I who ought to thank you," said the man, "for, after all, you have proved that my wife is true to me."

"Don't mention it," answered Donaghue, as he disappeared—"at least not to the police."—Chicago Herald.

## Services in the Diocese of Albany

Until further notice the following arrangement of regular services in the Diocese of Albany, will be adhered to as closely as possible.

FIRST SUNDAY IN EACH MONTH.  
10:30 A.M.—St. Paul's, Troy.  
9:00 P.M.—St. Paul's, Albany.

SECOND SUNDAY IN EACH MONTH.  
10:30 A.M.—St. Paul's, Troy.  
8:00 P.M.—St. George's, Schenectady.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN EACH MONTH.  
10:30 A.M.—St. John's, Johnstown.  
7:30 P.M.—St. Ann's, Amsterdam.

Services on other Sundays and week-days will be announced from time to time, as occasion may require.

The Rev. Mr. Van Allen may be addressed either at "Station C," Albany, N. Y., or Bath-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

## How Weather Affects the Mind.

Though it is now generally accepted that the atmosphere is a great gaseous ocean surrounding the earth and that we are walking about on the bottom of this ocean, the science of the weather, however, cannot be said to have sprung up before the half century.

To-day we know the atmosphere has its tides and billows and whirling eddies, but these are vastly greater than those of the watery ocean. At one time we are under the crest or rounded portion of a mighty atmosphere wave, at another the hollow between two such waves is over our heads, exerting an influence not only on the body, but also on the mind. Some, indeed, may affect to treat this with ridicule, and the strong and robust may scarcely be sensible of any minute changes which the state of the weather may produce on their systems, but the more sensitive and susceptible again are fully alive to the facts; so much so, indeed, as to become in some measure living barometers.

Who has not, in some part of his life at least, experienced the depressing effect of a dull and muggy rainy day on which he felt his natural prerogative to be "out of all sorts," or who, on the contrary, has not felt the exhilaration of dry air and a bright, glowing sunshine?

"There are several circumstances," said Dr. Latz, a Chicago physician, who was asked to give his views on this subject, "which naturally affect the atmosphere as respects its influence on organized beings—such as its temperature, its moist or dry condition, its purity as respects admixture of other gases, and its electric condition."

"Hot air," Dr. Latz added, "is always depressing and relaxing to the whole system, and as hot and highly rarefied air contains in the same bulk a smaller proportion of oxygen or vital air than cold and denser air, the lungs are thus defectively supplied with one of their chief stimulants of life. Cold air, on the other hand, is bracing and highly stimulating. Everyone must have experienced the effects of these two extremes—the first in the languor and lassitude and oppressed breathing of a sultry summer day; the other in the exhilaration caused by a dry, frosty day in winter, and the increased muscular activity and the ruddy glow of health which such weather causes."

"When the air is suddenly rarefied, or when a change of its constitution is about to take place, a corresponding impression is left in the animal system. This is experience before great storms, hurricanes or heavy falls of rain or snow."

"Not only does man become sensible of this, but even inferior animals, throughout all their grades of existence, manifest by some outward indications their feelings of the approaching change. The cattle leave their pastures, often with a loud bellowing, birds wheel about in the air, and other small animals become unusually agitated. Physicians attribute the prevalence of many diseases to the different states of the atmosphere. Thus, moist air gives rise to bilious affections, and in some localities and seasons, to agues; dry, sharp airs, again, are enemies to all disorders of the chest and lungs. An irritable state of the nervous system, and even temporary insanity, may also occur from extreme conditions of the surrounding atmosphere."

Nearly all vocations—some, of course, more than others—are affected by weather. Men of science are often as much subjected to weather as seamen. Some writers must have the weather fit the mood, character or scene, and can do nothing if they are at variance. An adverse temperature brings them to a dead halt. If one will but read poetry attentively he will be surprised to find how much of it bears weather marks, scattered all through it. Diverse weather state may be one cause of so much diversity and even disagreement in thought processes usually regarded as scientific.

Miss Mighell, an experienced teaching and principal of the Bryan school, thinks there should be modifications of school work and discipline to correspond with the weather. Mr. Kurowski, a Chicago manufacturer, said:

"We reckon that a disagreeable day yields us about ten per cent less work than a delightful day, and we thus have to count this as a factor in our profit and loss account." Accidents are more numerous in factories on bad days. A railroad man never proposes changes to his superior if the weather is not propitious. Fair days make men accessible and generous, and open to consider new problems favorably. Some even say opinions reached in best weather are safest to invest on.—Chicago Chronicle.

English and Boer Generals at the Eden Musee.

Two wax groups have just been placed on exhibition at the Eden Musee which are attracting much attention, not only for their artistic merit but on account of the great public interest in the personages represented. One group consists of the three leading English Generals and the other of the three leading Boer Generals. Each group occupies a special alcove, and the two groups face each other from opposite sides of the Central Hall of the Musee. In the British group General Roberts occupies the center, in full military uniform. On one side stands Gen. Kitchener in civilian dress, and on the other Gen. Buller. The three Generals are apparently in consultation. Back of them are English flags.

In the Boer group President Kruger is the central figure. His dress is simple black and is reproduced exactly from the suit he wore just prior to the beginning of the war. Upon a little table in front of him is his long merchaum pipe. This pipe is an exceedingly valuable one and many visitors tried to take it up for closer examination. But like many other valuable curios in the Musee, it is securely fastened down. At one side of President Kruger stands Gen. Cronje and on the other Gen. Joubert. Both are dressed in the simple costume of the Boers. Back of the group is a huge Boer flag, which strangely contrasts with the English Jack on the opposite side of the Hall. Altogether the two groups are worthy of careful examination. The pose of the figures is excellent, and every detail has been so carefully carried out that the real figures would not look more life-like. Many other additions have been made to the wax collection at the Musee, and many hours can be pleasantly and profitably passed among the hundreds of wax groups and figures representing historical scenes and personages for ages past. Every steamer which arrives from Europe brings new moving pictures for the Musee, consisting not only of war pictures from South Africa, but also interesting scenes from all foreign countries, including wonderful mysterious pictures from Paris.

Moving pictures are shown each hour during the afternoon and evening, and the Musee has such a large collection that a different series is shown each hour. The afternoon and evening concerts remain a feature and are appreciated by all lovers of music.

## Manual Training Schools

The most colossal improvements which recent years have seen in secondary education lies in the introduction of the manual training schools: not because they will give us a people more handy and practical for domestic life and better skilled in trades, but because the will give us citizens with an entirely difference intellectual fibre. Laboratory work and shop work engender a habit of observation, knowledge of the difference between accuracy and vagueness, and insight into nature's complexity and into the inadequacy of all abstract accounts of real phenomena, which, once wrought into the mind, remain there as life-long possessions. They confer precision, because, if you are doing a thing, you must do it definitely right or definitely wrong. They give honesty; for when you express yourself by making things, and not by using words, it becomes impossible to dissimulate your vagueness or ignorance by

ambiguity. They beget a habit of self-reliance; they keep the interest and attention always cheerfully engaged, and reduce the teacher's disciplinary function to a minimum.—William James, in Atlantic Monthly.

EDWIN MARKHAM SAYS  
THE MAN WITH THE HOE STANDS FOR THE OPPRESSION OF LABOR.

Some thousands of my countrymen have been good enough to point out in the public prints during the past year certain "misrepresentations of labor" in my "Man with the Hoe," and after having read for twelve months what these critics say I meant to say in the poem, it seems to me that I may be allowed to express my own opinion on this and some kindred matters.

The hoeman of my poem does not mean every man with a hoe. Thoreau hoed his bean field. He says that when his hoe tinkled against the stones the music echoed to the woods and sky, and was an accompaniment to his labor that yielded an instant and immeasurable crop. Thoreau as a hoeman could gather this spiritual harvest because he had the upward looking and the light, the music and the dream. I did not mean Thoreau.

Fourteen years ago I came upon a small print of Millet's picture of the hoeman, and it at once struck my heart and imagination. It was then that I jotted down the rough "field notes" of my poem. For years I kept the print on my wall and the pain of it in my heart. And then ten years ago I chanced upon the original painting itself. I soon realized that Millet puts before us no chance toiler, no mere man of the fields. No; this stunted and stolid peasant is the type of industrial oppression in all lands and in all laborers. He might be a man with a needle in a New York sweat shop, a man with a pick in a West Virginia coal mine, a man with a hod in a London alley, a man with a spade on the banks of the Zuyder Zee.

The hoeman is the symbol of betrayed humanity, the toiler ground down through ages of oppression, through ages of social injustice. He is the man pushed away from the land by those who fail to use the land, till at last he has become a serf, with no mind in his muscle and no heart in his handiwork. He is the man pushed back and shrunken by the special privileges conferred upon the few.

The hoeman is the effigy of man, a being with no outlet to his life, no uplift to his soul—a being with no time to rest, no time to think, no time to pray, no time for the mighty hopes that make us men. His battle has not confined to his own life; it extends backward in grim and shadowy outline through his long train of ancestry. He was seen of old among the brickmakers of Egypt, among the millions who lifted wearily the walls of Hium, who carved the pillars of Karnak and paved the Apian Way. He is seen to-day among the stooped, silent toilers who build London and beautify her tombs and palaces.

Do I need to say that the hoe poem is not a protest against labor? No; it is my soul's word against the degradation of labor, the oppression of man by man. I believe in labor, as some believe in creeds. I have little respect for an idler, whether at the tramp end or at the millionaire end of the social octave. It is against the public good, against the economy of nature, for any man to be at the same time a consumer and a non-producer.

These were some of the memories and agitations that pressed upon my soul as I stood in the presence of this dread thing—the accuser of the world. So I was forced to utter the awe and grief of my spirit for the ruined majesty of this son of God. So the poem took shape. It sprang from my long purpose to speak a word for the humiliated and the wronged. I have borne my witness. It is said; it is truth; let it stand.—From the Independent.

## Is Asphalt Liquid.

Down in Trinidad, where most of the asphalt used in paving the streets is produced, opinion is divided as to whether the substance may be classed as a liquid or a solid. Upon this issue a recent trial in Trinidad turned. The stratum of pitch in that island is usually from four to seven feet below the surface, and when cut through, the pitch melts and oozes out. So if a man dug down near his neighbor's lot, he would be able to collect pitch coming from under his neighbor's land. The plan was described by one of the witnesses as "the plan adopted when you want to dig your neighbor's pitch." It "bulges out," he explained, "and you shove it off each morning." But suit was brought by one outraged neighbor whose pitch had thus been shaved off in adjoining land. The defense was that an underground stratum of pitch was like so much water, no man's property until appropriated. But the court held that pitch was a mineral, and that you had no more right to abstract it from a neighbor by the oozing process than you would have to tap his deposit of iron or silver.

An egg to-day is better than a henry to-morrow.

## A DOCTOR'S BILL.

A good story is told of a San Francisco philanthropist and a doctor with a conscience. A wealthy lady several years ago developed an insignificant wen on her face. In her travels in Europe she consulted an eminent surgeon as to its removal and was advised not to have it done. An Eastern surgeon of equal eminence also declined to perform the operation. Returning to San Francisco, she happened to show it to a physician of no national reputation, a humble homoeopath—but a man whose skill was unquestioned. He examined it carefully, and said there would be no trouble about it; it was a simple operation. Dreading to risk it after such eminent warning, she delayed action, but finally asked another examination and opinion. The same conclusion was reached, and the operation followed, with wholly successful results.

One day, when the doctor called, his bill was asked for. He presented it, \$50 being the amount. The lady smiled and said: "Do you consider that a reasonable charge, considering the circumstances?" to which the doctor replied: "That is my charge for that operation; your circumstances have nothing to do with it." The lady went to her desk and drew a check for \$500 and presented it to him. He looked at it and handed it back, saying, "I cannot accept this. My charge for that operation is \$50." "Very well," the lady replied. "Keep the check and balance to my credit." Some months later she received a lengthy itemized bill, upon which were entered charges for treatment of various kinds, male and female, black and white, who had been mended at her expense. She was so delighted that she immediately placed another check of \$500 to her credit on the same terms, and it is now being earned in the same way.—The Leader.

## AN OLD STORY IN A NEW DRESS.

Old stories have a funny way of cropping up in a new setting. A good instance in point is that of the widow who went to Westminster Abbey to get an idea for an inscription on her departed husband's tombstone. She strayed into the aisle of the Abbey, where she came upon the tomb of Purcell, who is buried under the organ. She read the epitaph, and was greatly pleased with it: "Here lies Henry Purcell, esq., who left this life and is gone to that blessed place where only his own harmony can be excelled."

A few days afterward the widow had the following sentiment placed upon her husband's tombstone: "Erected by his spouse to the memory of A-B—, manufacturer of fireworks. He has gone to the only place where his own works are excelled."

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## Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 15, 1900.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 1334 Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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If not paid within six months, 1.50

### CONTRIBUTIONS.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,  
Station M, New York City.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Spectator copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

"He's true to God who's true to man."  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

At the ripe age of eighty-four years, the President of the Board of Directors of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, Hon. Enoch L. Fancher, LL.D., has passed to that bourne from which no traveler returns. He died on Friday evening, February 9th, and the Institution flags at halfmast on Saturday morning, was the first intimation to pupils and teachers that another friend of the deaf had gone from the world forever.

Enoch L. Fancher became a member of the Society of the New York Institution on January 11th, 1858—almost half a century ago. He was elected a Director in May, 1860, and twenty-one years after, in 1881, became 2d Vice-President of the Board. The year following, he became 1st Vice-President, and, on the death of Hon. Erastus Brooks, in 1886, he was elected President of the Board, which office he held until his death.

Enoch L. Fancher was born in Dutchess County, and educated at the Wesleyan University, which conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. Upon being graduated he took up the law in the office of David Graham, Jr. He was appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court in 1872, to fill a vacancy, and took his seat on the bench on September 26th of that year. On the expiration of his term in 1873, he was nominated for the office on the Republican ticket, but was defeated.

In the following year, under a special act of the Legislature giving judicial authority to an arbitrator to settle disputes among the merchants of this city, Governor Dix appointed him arbitrator of the Chamber of Commerce.

A fall which resulted in a broken shoulder, about a year ago, caused Mr. Fancher's retirement from business, and he had been in failing health ever since.

Besides being President of the New York Institution, he was President of the American Bible Society, and manager of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church. At his funeral, which was held at his late residence, 141 Madison Avenue, delegations from the Bible and Missionary Societies and from the New York Institution, were present.

Mr. Fancher's life is a worthy example of that unselfish spirit which causes men to gratuitously give of their time and thought and substance for the good of the common weal. He rendered great service to religion, education, jurisprudence, commerce and philanthropy. He was a man of giant intellect, with a dignity of expression that at first repelled, but which was instantly dispelled by his quiet gentleness of manner.

His life is an example of greatness allied with goodness, and teaches to the world that it is better to

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To the grim realms of shade, where each  
Shall take his chamber in the silent halls  
Of death.  
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained  
And soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, to meet thy God,  
Like one who folds the drapery of his couch  
about him  
And lies down to pleasant dreams."

## GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

### A Few Words on Technology.

#### KENDALL'S TRACK TEAM.

##### Items of Interest.

From our Washington Correspondent.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 12, 1900.—The past week has been enlivened by few happenings of interest. The most important events were Prof. Day's lecture and a meeting of the O. W. L. S.

Prof. Day's lecture was about "Chinese Customs" and was very entertaining. We wish we could give it in his own words. We have the notes, but a glance over them shows that a synopsis would not do justice to the subject, and hence, we omit now, hoping to be able to give it in full at some future time.

The O. W. L. S. seem to have set aside their meeting this time, especially "for amusement's sake," so the following program seems to indicate:

ESSAY: "Wit and Humor," Miss De Long, '02.

FUNNY DIALOGUE: "The Unmanageable Fashion," Misses Postel, '02 and McPhail, '03.

MRS. CAUDLE'S LECTURES: Miss Crawford, '03.

FUNNY DIALOGUE: "The Long and Short of It," Misses Fitzgerald and Myers, '03.

FUNNY STORY: "The Three Lovers," by W. Hutchinson, Miss Hutchinson, '02.

FUNNY POET: "Farmer Stebbins on Rollers," Miss Marshall, '00.

Appropos the discussion of the establishment of an Agricultural and Industrial College for the Deaf, which has been going on in several school papers lately, and the incidental mention of the fact that arrangements were made here in the college to teach Technology, or better scientific courses, President Gallaudet has furnished the correspondents with the following, which will undoubtedly be of interest:

"The College Catalogue for 1894-5 contained a paragraph concerning the establishment of a Technical Department, which was repeated in the next year's catalogue with slight modifications, as follows:—

#### PROPOSED TECHNICAL DEPARTMENT.

It has been decided to offer courses of technical study, in accordance with urgent requests from the conference of Superintendents and Principals of American Schools for the Deaf, and from the Alumni of the College. The details of these courses cannot be decided upon until the wishes of applicants are more fully known than at present, but it is proposed to include, as soon as practicable, architecture, practical chemistry, electrical and mechanical engineering, surveying, ornamental gardening and floriculture, application of art to manufactures, and such other branches of study as may seem best adapted to the field of possible employment to the more intelligent of the deaf of the country.

The requirements for admission to the Technical Department will be the same as those for entering the Freshmen Class. Not more than two or three isolated applications for admission to the proposed department have ever been received; and it is difficult to justify the formation of the department. A few of our students have asked for, and have received facilities for special study on certain scientific lines. In the building designed for the department, our chemical laboratory was greatly enlarged some three years ago; machinery for instruction in electricity has been set up, and our art rooms have been enlarged. A new physical laboratory will probably be fitted up for next year, and in other ways the college will endeavor to meet the demands of students for facilities in technical study.

It is far from being true that "Congress is always slow in providing" Gallaudet with the necessary funds for its maintenance. Very rarely has the college had to wait at all for the means of meeting all the reasonable demands of its students, and the policy of Congress has been, on the whole, most liberal, from the foundation of the college in 1864 to the present time.

E. M. GALLAUDET.

Your correspondent wishes to call special attention to the requirements for admission to the Technical Department, because he has seen it stated by several persons that students who could not master the courses in the Liberal Arts, might easily and successfully pursue a course of technical study.

The requirements for admission to the Technical Department are the same (as they ought to be) as those for admission to the Freshman Class in the regular college course. A student, in the writer's opinion, gained from a little experience in a technical course, who cannot master the course in the Arts, would find it more difficult to master some of the studies of the Technical Department.

In the *Chemical News*, published in London, we think, there appeared a few weeks ago a very interesting and able article, on "Determination of Carbon in iron and steel without absorption apparatus," by Mr. George T. Dougherty, a graduate of the college, who is now with the Sargent Company of Chicago.

Long, '00, lectured to the pupils of the Kendall School Friday night, using as his subject, James Allen's book "Flute and Violin."

The G. C. A. A. has decided to send at least two relay teams to the athletic meet to be held in Philadelphia, April 28th, under the auspices of the University of Penn. Athletic Association. Those teams will enter for the one and two miles relay races. A team for the four miles relay may also be sent, besides entries for the 100-yard dash and other events. The teams will

each require four men, each man in the one mile relay will run one-fourth mile, each in the two miles relay one-half mile, and in the four miles relay one mile. Now let the boys get down to training and see what they really can do in this line of athletics. Last year and year before, we only experimented a little. But this year, if the plans are carried out, our teams will enter the lists with the strongest colleges in the country. The attention of the Philadelphia Alumni, and other deaf of the city, is respectfully called to this, for last year they seemed anxious to have us enter the meet in Philadelphia, but were not able to do so.

Stratius, I. C., left for home Friday because of trouble with his eyes. He hopes to return in the fall.

The funeral of General Lawton, Friday was attended by a number of the students.

The first Sunday-School concert for this term was held yesterday evening. The subject was "The best way to help the poor."

Judge W. S. Goodell, formerly Secretary, and purchasing agent for the Virginia School, but now representing the Johnson Publishing Co., of Richmond, Va., was visiting Jones, '03, yesterday.

R. S. T.

#### A SURPRISE PARTY.

Commander-in-chief Mrs. Redmond successfully engineered and carried out a surprise party that would have done credit to any of Oom Paul Kruger's commanders. The "Voorinck" in this case was her hubby, and the Spion Kop was located in the intersection of Manhattan and 125th drifts Mr. Philip Tobin was sent out as a spy, and engaged the enemy to a game of cards while the rest of the troops sneaked in the parlor. When all was ready, a smell of fire was suspected in the front, and Mr. Redmond going forward found himself facing the enemy's guns in front, back and all around, and an unconditional surrender was demanded. He rubbed his crater and said "To-morrow Sunday is my day, eh? Congratulations and presents." And then everyone sat down to have a social talk. Among these present and renewed acquaintances of "lang syne" were Mr. and Mrs. G. Fersenheim, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Thompson, Philip Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Moses Heyman, Mr. and Mrs. H. Juhring, Mr. and Mrs. Elsie Blakeman, Fred Hoffman, Joseph H. Tooley, Mr. E. A. Hodgson, Chris. E. Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Doenges, Mrs. Brewer, Mr. and Mrs. Redmond, and son, Miss Sate Howard, Mrs. Wilhelmina Buhle, Mr. and Mrs. Mooney, Charlie T. Thompson, Jr., Miss Gertrude Doenges, and sister and brother of Mrs. Redmond.

Refreshments were taken, and then a photo by flashlight was taken. The photo was not a success. The amateur photographer, who hopped the job has some hay, but he will get more by and by, then he will make better pictures—experience is a good thing.

Mr. Mooney, the "Sage of West Farms," amused a group by his discourse on the assessment of 25 cents by gents and cake by ladies; and told how at one party, he had figured up how much was brought in by the assessment and expense of food, and found they had a profit, and thought it was not right to ask any one to pay 25 cents, and says he will never go to any more deaf-mute parties, they cheat him out of his 25 cents always. Miss S. Howard elaborated on single blessedness, and did not know of any man who would give her so much comfort and liberty as her brother does; and named many instances of "sorry, mistake, marriages," among her friends. Some others tried to argue with the amateur photographer and convince him he did not know it all and was wrong, but his voluminous instances of successful pictures overwhelmed them into silence. Mr. Tooley still thinks of his \$90.99 stolen diamond ring, as evidenced by his tale of woe related to any one who would listen to him. Dancing was not indulged in, there were so few nimble legs among the throng, most of the ladies being matronly looking.

CHRIS.

#### A CORRECTION.

EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL:—In my report of the meeting of the Committee on Program, in last week's issue of the JOURNAL, the reference to a universal sign manual should have read:—

"It was also voted that the Congress be asked to arrange for the consideration of a universal sign manual, and that for this purpose, the French appoint a Committee to meet a like Committee of Americans to discuss and formulate a line of action."

Will you kindly make this correction, and oblige

Yours truly,

THOMAS FRANCIS FOX, Secretary.

February 12, 1900.

Cheerfulness is contagious.

## NEW YORK.

### A Big Success Despite the Weather.

#### PRIZES FAIRLY WON

##### Various News Items.

[Mr. A. L. Pach's address is 250 W. 125th St. (Room 4) New York.]

The League of Elect Surds scored a big hit in Brooklyn. This in the face of the most furious rain storm of the season.

The night of Lincoln's Birthday will long be remembered for the furious rainstorm that marked it, but unpleasant as that was the pleasurable evening of enjoyment that the League of Elect Surds and their friends enjoyed, went to offset the discomforts one met out of doors.

This was the first time in history that a New York organization ever managed an affair in the sister city, and while many doubt the expediency of such a course, it is to the everlasting credit of the Committee, Peter Cooper Redington, Charles Lincoln Schindler and Frederick Knox, that in the face of all the obstacles they gave the deaf people of this vicinity as enjoyable a ball as any that has ever been given by an organization of deaf. In the beginning it is well to state that over two hundred were present.

It was nine o'clock when Floor Manager Pach, and assistant Floor Manager Fox had the dancing floor cleared for the Grand march, in which over a hundred participated, and there were almost as many in costume and mask as wore the conventional evening dress.

After the Grand march, which was led by Grand Ruler Hodgson and Mrs. Knox, the dance program was gone through with hardly a break.

At eleven o'clock, the committee on prizes, Messrs. Targard of the Union League, Penrose, of the Century Gun Club, and Shea, of Xavier Society, announced that they had awarded them as follows: First gentlemen's prize to Mr. Theo. S. Rose, second to Frederick W. Meinken. First ladies' prize to Mrs. Esther Hanneman, and second to Miss Julia Kearth. The committee's award was as fair and square as it was possible to have it, and some of their awards were made without any knowledge of who the person was.

Among those in costume were Miss Kearth and two hearing friends, who were made up as a "tramp," "organ-grinder" and "glass put in-man." Their clothes were thoroughly disreputable and their masks absolutely hideous—none of the dancers had any idea who they were, and no one thought they were young women until Miss Kearth unmasked to receive her prize from the trembling hands of the blushing chairman of the committee.

Sol E. Pachter enjoyed himself and contributed to the enjoyment of others as a negro sport.

The Misses Lizzie Reeder and Bertha Wessbach made a pair of dashing jockeys, and more than one young man of sporting proclivities after seeing them gave anxious glances around the room, as if in search of a bulletin board.

The "Spirit of Wall Street," Theo. S. Rose, was thought worthy of first prize, and Mr. Rose's friends thought it well bestowed.

Alfred Ernest wore a red and black domino costume.

Washington and Lafayette were impersonated by Albert Wicke and H. Smith.

Mrs. Chas. L. Schindler was one of a number who came after the committee had made their decision, or it is quite sure her "Pink and Blue Beauty" costume would have gained her the first prize. Her little daughter and two other young Misses were costumed to represent the Goddess of Liberty.

F. Konzeleman was one of the "men behind the guns," and he looked like the "real thing."

James Dougherty was made up as a Morrisania Cullod Cake-Walking lady, and he made a hit.

Geo. Bunhart was a Rough-Rider Cowboy and with Geo. Schwing, as a clown the two provided a great deal of amusement.

Fred Meinken, as the "Old Man of Dreams," was a prize winner and deserved it.

Mr. Krupper, of the Lexington Avenue School, was a dashing chef.

Miss Kommer as a Wartemburg Pensant girl, and Miss Penahl as Violet, were, with Miss Settles (Evening Star), three of the beauty belles.

Mrs. H. Hanneman, as American Beauty, was a prize winner, and Miss Fanny Solomon as boot-black should have been one.

There were a great number of others in costume, but they would not reveal their faces till unmasking time came, when they hurried away and rejoined those on the floor.

Among these were several hearing young women as well as a number of deaf ones.

It was a genuine surprise to see so many New Yorkers and New Jersey men present at a Brooklyn function. Over fifty came from New York, while New Jersey sent a big delegation consisting of Messrs. Thomas, Newcomb, McManus and Ward, of Newark, Joseph and Frank Penrose, of Newmarket, Ed. Heller, of Duellen.

Only four members of the Union League attended, while the Manhattan Literary Society did not have a representative. Chairman Redington of the Committee, who is also a member of the Xavier society, proved his popularity by the number of members of that organization who came.

The New Jersey Gun club had every member but one present, and Chairman McManus got a great deal of encouragement from the numbers who promised to go out to Duellen on the 21st.

Among others not previously mentioned, who were present, I noticed Mrs. and Mrs. J. W. Pratt, Mrs. Patterson, Mr. Greis, Mr. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Theo. J. Lounsbury, Mr. Left, Mr. Soper, Mr. Hoffman, Mr. T. W. Brown, and Mr. Buckley. Now that it has been successfully demonstrated that Brooklynites appreciate an orderly, well conducted ball on their side of the East River, it is not unlikely that the League of Elect Surds will repeat the affair every year.

The affair was not only a social success but a financial one as well, and this in the face of the adverse conditions noted in the opening paragraph of this article.

Another very pleasant social event of the week was a birthday surprise party tendered to Mr. Redmond, which was got up by Mrs. Redmond in honor of her husband's natal day.

There were a number of entertaining games and diversifications, and a splendid collation was served which all enjoyed.

Thos. A. Sweeney is employed with Seagrist, the builder (who mostly tears down) in removing the steamship offices on Bowling Green to make way for the new Custom House.

Theo. J. Lounsbury was the first of the local wheelmen to take a "spin" in 1900.

Miss Nettie Stemple is an expected visitor to Gotham, in the near future.

#### A Pleasant Gathering.

On Saturday evening, February 10th, there was a very pleasant gathering of the deaf of Albany and Troy at the home of the Rev. H. Van Allen and Mrs. Van Allen, in Bath-on-the-Hudson, the occasion being the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the marriage of the host and hostess. The evening was a bright moonlit one, and the temperature was almost that of spring, and in a measure accounts for the large number of friends present, but it is only fair to consider the attendance as most flattering evidence of the extent to which Mr. and Mrs. Van Allen have gained the goodwill and confidence of the deaf during their short residence here. Those present were: From Troy and vicinity, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Smith, Mr. H. A. Burt, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Conner, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Getting, Miss Sarah Schutt, and Messrs. Boxley, Kenney and Carlin; from Albany, the Misses Dugdale, Lewis Flynn, De Rouville, and the Messrs. Sparks, Held, and Johnson; from Amsterdam, Miss Steltzner and Mr. Wasserman.

The evening was very pleasantly spent. A missing-word contest was indulged in, which Miss Helen Dugdale carried off the ladies' prize. The gentlemen's prize went by lot to Mr. Carlin, the judge, Mr. George Sparks, deciding that none of the young men deserved it upon the merits of their performance in the word contest.

Refreshments were served, and then the evening was very happily spent in social converse. The guests left with their host and hostess many beautiful tokens of their regard and good-wishes, which we regret we have not the space to enumerate here. But useful and valuable as they all were, their intrinsic value is trifling compared with their value as evidence of the friendship and affection of their deaf neighbors and friends, and for this reason they are doubly prized.

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#### STATE OF IOWA.

The Legislature of Iowa has been in session about a month. Among numerous bills that were introduced, three were in regard to the deaf. One was to establish the Eastern Iowa school for the deaf; one was to introduce the manual alphabet into all the text books of the State, and the other was for hiring interpreters when deaf witnesses are called into court. Whenever deaf-mutes are on trial in court, or are important witnesses, or charged with insanity, there shall be employed an experienced interpreter from the School for the Deaf. The expenses of such interpreter shall be paid out of the county funds, wherein such cases were tried.

Two of the bills introduced are as follows:—

Mr. McAleer, of Dubuque, introduced a bill for the establishment of school for the education of the deaf and dumb children of eastern Iowa. The school shall be located in Dubuque County, and \$10,000 is asked for the purpose.

The present laws do not provide for the hiring of an interpreter when deaf and dumb witnesses are introduced in court. Senator Nolan introduced a bill making this provision.

Joseph Zugenbuehler has a brother, Frederick Zugenbuehler, in the Forty-fifth regiment of the United States volunteers in the Philippine Islands. Several other Dubuque boys are in the same regiment. They had a brush with the Filipinos and one of them was wounded in the leg. Mr. Zugenbuehler was a soldier in the Spanish-American war in Cuba. He went through the war without a scratch, because he was not in any action or battle. If he comes home alive, he will have the distinction of passing through two wars, and be ready to join the Boers in South Africa, if their fight is not over by that time.

Miss Grace Zugenbuehler and Justin Curran were married last Christmas, in Galena, Ills., about fifteen miles below here, by Judge Hodgson. They are a very young couple under age, but we hope they sail down the placid river of matrimony and reach their golden wedding long before they feel old. Grace is a sister of Joseph Zugenbuehler.

Miss Theresa McDonnell spent a very pleasant visit with her sister in Chicago. She is the youngest sister of Mrs. Otto Schmoor. She is a very intelligent young lady and has a host of friends.

Miss Alice Chenoweth, of Davenport, spent a pleasant time in Iowa City, on a visit to her sister and brother-in-law. He is an assistant and preacher in the Methodist Church.

Miss Virginia Cowden, of Rock Island, Ill., formerly a teacher in the Iowa School for the Deaf, and latterly of the St. Louis Day School, came to Bellevue, Ia., recently to visit some of her relatives.

Ben. J. Treese, of Guttenberg, Ia., is employed in the Excelsior shoe factory during the daytime, and he does shoe-repairing in the evenings.

Edwin Page has returned from his tramp in California, and resumed his former position in the Lawrence & Co.'s harness factory in Portland, Oregon.

JULIEN.

#### Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

FEBRUARY.

17—Evening, Detroit. Holy Communion.  
18—10:30 A. M., Detroit. Holy Communion.  
18—3 P. M., Ann Arbor. Silent Service.  
18—7:30 P. M., Ann Arbor. Special Service.  
19—7:30 P. M., Muskegon. Special Service.  
20—7:30 P. M., Grand Rapids. Twenty-fifth Anniversary of St. Bede's Mission.  
25—10:30 A. M., Columbus. Holy Communion.  
25—7:30 P. M., Dayton.

#### Albany and Troy.

On Sunday, February 18th, Services will be held in Albany and Troy, as follows:

10:30 A. M.—St. Paul's, Troy.  
3:00 P. M.—St. Paul's, Albany.

H. VAN ALLEN.

Born, in Batavia, N. Y., February 11th, to Mrs. Henry A. Acheson, of Boston, (formerly Miss Carrie K. Haller) a son. Both doing well.

The Armour's are in control of Kansas City electric lighting plants. Argentina has 532 flour mills and finds a market for much of the surplus product of Brazil.

The Fiji Islands, noted years ago for their cannibalistic tendencies, now have five sugar mills, one tea factory and one tobacco factory.

The old woman's club is the Philadelphia Female Society for the Relief and Employment of the Poor. It was organized in 1795.

Electrically operated dredges are now used on rivers and harbors where immense quantities of material have to be handled quickly.

A Milwaukee florist thinks he has succeeded in producing green carnations by the use of chemicals while the plants are growing.

It is said that there are 15,000 men on the pay-rolls of the Department of Public Works in Porto Rico, who are engaged in road-building.

One of the strangest and most distinctive features of New Orleans is the presence of collecting tanks for rain water in almost every door yard.

#### Present to the Queen.

A quaint little ceremony, known as a rent service, was observed in the Queen's remembrancer's room at law courts, says the London Mail.

The ceremony was a replica of what has taken place annually for at least six hundred years, and it consisted of the payment to her Majesty the Queen of two hats, six horseshoes and sixty-one horseshoe nails, in consideration of certain property owned by the corporation of the city of London.

The property consists of forge in Milford lane, St. Clement Danes, and an estate in Shropshire, known as the "Moors." The custom of rendering these curious dues to the crown dates back to the days of King John, and probably before.

Yesterday afternoon the Queen's remembrancer, Mr. G. F. Pollock, was seated at the head of a table to receive the dues on behalf of the Queen. On another table were six large horseshoes, twice as large as present-day horseshoes; a new keened ax, a bright and blunt billhook, and in chopping block played between two bundles of fagots. Half a dozen ladies and three gentlemen seated on chairs arranged in the form of a horseshoe watched the proceedings on behalf of the general public.

The "service" opened with a short explanation by the Queen's remembrancer. The tenant of the "Moors" was then asked to come forward and render his dues to the Queen. The tenant, in the person of Mr. H. Homewood Crawford, the city solicitor, approached the table, bowed most gravely, and then took up the ax and a bundle of fagots.

With one blow he cut the fagots in half, and the pieces leaped in all directions. "Good," said the Queen's



## O HIO.

### Annual Reception by the Ladies' Aid Society.

### A COMPLICATED CON- TEST.

#### A New School Scheme.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The annual reception to the retiring officers of the Ladies' Aid Society, Saturday evening, proved as they have, heretofore, done a pleasant enjoyable affair. The weather, too, favored the ladies, and hence the attendance was most gratifying. The affair was held at the cozy home of Miss Alice Prouty, up in the north end of the city. She was assisted in receiving her guests by her mother and sister, and one having entered the house was soon made to feel at home. As soon as hats, overcoats and wraps, had been laid aside, a card bearing following was presented the guests, and told to go to work on it:

- CATALOGUE OF CURIOS AND ANTIQUES.
1. Monuments of Greece.
  2. View of a well-known Prison.
  3. The Horse Fair.
  4. The Table Washington used.
  5. The Kid reviver.
  6. Swimming match between O. S. U. and Kenyon.
  7. Out for the night.
  8. A stirring subject.
  9. The lover's surprise.
  10. The Black Friar.
  11. Eve's two sons.
  12. Woman's rights.
  13. Forbidden fruit.
  14. Specimens of antique lace.
  15. The maiden's desire.
  16. A line from home.
  17. A Sower of Tares.
  18. Music in the air.
  19. Our commonwealth.
  20. Coming thro' the Rye.
  21. A Beauty from the Sunny South.
  22. The home of the colonel.
  23. A green couple.
  24. Boston's overthrow.

All about the rooms were articles tagged with a number on it, and the object was to write the correct number opposite the article represented, it took a good deal of thinking by some to arrive at the correct interpretation of some of the objects, and at the same time much fun was caused at some of the blunders made. "Monuments of Greece" was a stunner to the deaf, for there were no monuments in the room, but one used in the art, had no difficulty in falling to the fact that a few slices of pork piled up in a saucer represented the monuments and tallied to No. 1.

"View of a well known prison," was a bird cage, No. 4. The horse fair, an ear of corn, No. 2. Every body looked around the room for a sight of the table Washington used, of course, supposing it to be the real article, and were not a little chagrined to find it that it was nothing more than "4x4." It was numbered 15. "The kid reviver" proved to be one of the old man's well worn slippers and was marked No. 7. "The swimming match between O. S. U. and Kenyon," was nothing more than a bowl of water with two matches in it and numbered 10. "Out for the night," No. 3, was an unlighted lamp, and not a gay chap as some thought. A wooden ladle represented "a stirring subject," No. 5. While the Lover's surprise, No. 8, was told by a mitten "Eve's two sons," No. 14, were represented by a cane and a bell, and the Black Friar, No. 10, a frying pan. "Woman's rights," No. 12, two right handed gloves, "Forbidden fruit," No. 6, a suspended apple, "Specimens of Antique Lace," No. 9, lace curtains. The maiden's desire, No. 15. A bow of ribbon, of course, not the real article, but a beau. "A line from home," No. 22, a clothes line. A "Sower of Tares" No. 11, it was pretty hard for the initiated to find the fellow but it proved to be a needle and thread.

"Coming thro' the Rye," No. 20, was only a little mouse gnawing through a loaf of bread. Music in the air, No. 24, was a suspended sheet of music. Our Commonwealth, No. 19, not our State as a few supposed, but three pennies in a saucer represented it. A beauty from the Sunny South, No. 21, was not a fair lass but an orange. "The Home of the Colonel," No. 13, not those of the Kentucky kind, who just now seem ready to take up arms, far from it, only three little nuts. "A Green Couple," No. 17, they were from the country sure and lay in a saucer, and every one looked at them and doubted their greenness but they were green all the same, i.e., pickles. "Boston's Overthrow," No. 24, no one had read of the City of Beans, having been in a siege of war lately, and hence could not understand where the overthrow part came in, but a few tea leaves in a cup let out the secret that a hundred and twenty-five years ago, the people, then village, did amuse themselves one night by foolishly throwing into the sea a few chests of tea they did not like. They were ashamed of doing it, too, for did not they disguise

themselves with paint and feathers, like the Indians do sometimes. Perhaps they wanted to make some of the people believe the Indians did the foolish thing of wasting the tea. Mrs. Robert Patterson succeeded in making the first correct list, Mr. McGregor, the second, to each of whom was given a prize. Later refreshments, consisting of sandwiches, pickles, cake, ice cream and coffee were served. There were other games during the evening and every one enjoyed the occasion most thoroughly. Those who were there were: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Neutzling, Mr. and Mrs. Robert McGregor, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Greener, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bard, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Schory, Mr. and Mrs. F. Schwartz, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lieb, Mrs. Prouty, Mrs. Zell, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Bridle, Mrs. King, Mrs. Bard, Mrs. Miller, Misses Alice and Sallie Prouty, May Greener, Biggam, Edgar, Stelzig, Nettie Jones, Munnell, Moore, McDermont, Dresback, Bard, Hewitt, Nora Patterson, Messrs. Harab, Zorn, Charles, Clum, Elsey, McGinnis, Goldsmith, Martin F. Jones, Beckert and Ernest Zell.

The State Board of Charities in its annual report for 1899, in speaking of the deaf and dumb children of the State, calls attention to the fact that there are probably one thousand such children in the State for whose instruction provision should be made. At the present time, not to exceed six hundred are receiving their education at the State school and the schools located in Cincinnati, Cleveland, Elmyra and Dayton. The report says: "It would probably be a wise provision, could these schools be united and be made branches of the institution at Columbus, giving the children primary education where it is possible, and transferring them to the institution when they have reached a certain grade. This need not destroy the identity of day schools where they can be maintained by Boards of Education, but strengthen them by uniformity in course of study and method of instruction. This is the more important in view of the fact that but few, if any, of these schools can provide for manual training, owing to the small number of pupils in attendance, and the circumstances surrounding them. Numerous trades are taught in the institution which enable the graduates of the school to go out into the world, and make school education which can scarcely be hoped for in the smaller schools of the State. We are quite sure if this plan could be adopted, that the management of the institution would look after the organization of day schools in many cities where they are neglected, because of lack of knowledge on the Boards of Education and the parents of the children. In this way provision could be made for the education of all the deaf children in the State."

A reception and exhibition will be given by the Institution to Governor Nash, the State officers and members of the General Assembly, Thursday afternoon and evening. Another inmate has been added to the Home. The person admitted is Miss Nina Stouper, of Columbiana County. Both her parents are dead, and she has no one of near kin to look after her. The first division of the Ladies' Aid Society held a meeting one evening this week, and decided to give an Easter Fair or bazar on April 7th. Any one desiring to contribute to its success in the way of articles are welcome to send them to Miss Bessie Edgar.

The Bill spoken of in our last letter appropriating about \$12,000 to the Cleveland and Cincinnati deaf-mute day schools, became a law this week.

A report has it that Miss Grace Rose has been appointed a teacher in the Detroit Day School for the Deaf.

The "Independent paper for the Deaf" still seems to be on the increase. The latest to be added is "The Eye" published monthly by Oren M. Elliott, at Maitland, Missouri. It is magazine form of twelve pages. It is well printed and we hope the publisher will realize his fondest wish.

Word was received here this week that *Once A Week*, the new paper by Mr. Charles Kerney, which was to appear February 21st, will not come out till some time in March. We have seen the heading and think it is an appropriate one. Feb. 10, '00. A. B. G.

Like the American girls, Hindoo girls are passionately fond of sweet things. One of their candies, sadu, is very much like our plain sugar candy. It is made of sugar and milk and flavored with attar of roses. Buddhikabal or hair Buddha, is one of their most popular sweetmeats. It is so called because it is in fine, long strings like vermicelli. This is made of sugar and cream from buffalo's milk, which is exceedingly rich. The women pass most of their time eating candy and gossiping.—*Baltimore News.*

## CHICAGO.

### A Crowd at the Club's House-Warming.

#### KILLED BY THE CARS.

### And Other News Tersely Chronicles.

[News items for this column may be sent to James Irwin Sansom, Money Order Division, Chicago Postoffice.]

Quite a large crowd turned out to the house-warming of the new Pas-a-Pas Club rooms, many being present for the first time in its new quarters. The verdict as to their qualifications were favorable, while its being centrally located, is another point in its favor. All visitors to the World's Fair here will find something of interest to themselves when it may be mentioned that the picture groups taken of them either before the Art Institute or in State groups, were hung on the wall and recall to mind the great Deaf Congress. Speeches were in order and the following threw side-lights on the purpose of house-warming: Messrs. Dougherty, Regensburg, Colby and Sansom.

Mr. Dougherty emphasized the fact that by paying membership fees of only half a dollar a month, the members got by way of intellectual and social enjoyment several times with that amount, like an insurance benefit.

Mr. Colby, as President, hoped the club would start on a career of glory, and bade the visitors welcome.

One might find interest in tracing the hardships of pre-historic man with respect to "house-warming." His inadequate preparations for meeting the long, cold winters, with tents made of skins, then the changed to huts, and finally to houses made of wood, brick or stone plastered and made wind-proof against the cold—wherein he brings articles of refinement and civilization—the musical instrument, books, and pictures. Hence the house-warming of a steam-heated room, such as the club had moved into, represents the acme of comfort such as our forefathers never dreamed of. Let winds blowing at the rate of fifty miles an hour strike the windy city bearing icicles in their path, here we can withdraw into a snug, warm room, and pass many a pleasant social hour. Such was the gist of the remarks made by the correspondent.

It was announced that February 12th night would be reserved for services in honor of Abraham Lincoln, and by the time the JOURNAL is not out, they will have been carried out. Too much can not be said of this step taken towards keeping green the memory of the Emancipator hailing from Illinois. Among those who look interest in the affair were: Messrs. and Mesdames Dougherty, Codman, Colby, Bowes, Gotthainer, Sullivan, Misses Forberg (3), Lamb, Treider, Acheson, Shurtleff, Young, Rhodes, Sinclair, Wayman; Mesdames Kingon, Gallaher, Scott, Messrs; Wayman, Regensburg, Carroll, Frank, Murdy, Hart, F. Hyman, G. Hyman, Liebenstein and Kessler.

The fondness of deaf-mutes for the railroad track is an unexplained scientific problem. We have a late case to record. A special dispatch to the *Inter Ocean* from Hoopstone, Ill., reports the killing of William Haffner by the cars. He was trying to get on one track of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois road from another, when the north bound train struck him. His wife was a witness of the accident, but was not able to warn him in time. His father, mother and sister, live in Chicago.

The Seven-o'clock Club is a part of the Pas-a-Pas Club that believes in good eating. It chose the Edelweiss, one evening, but preparatory to attacking the viands met Mr. Reed, brother of Charles Reed, Postmaster of Menasha, Wis. He said that a Republican had been appointed in Reed's place, but turned the office over to the latter. Then they had sweet bread, cutlets, young turkey, chocolate soufflé, on ending with cafe noir and cigars.

Liebenstein took two ladies home from the party Saturday night, and on leaving the place met with a huge mastiff, that raised the hair on his head. Thanks to the oral training he received at the Lexington Avenue School, he could say "keep off, doggie," and go home with a whole pair of trousers. Another one on the same party: A party of boys were walking along Michigan Avenue, when one nudged the others in the side and said there comes Dr. Dowie, (a well-known preacher). All looked at him except Liebenstein, who exclaimed: Who is Dr. Dowie?

A ten-pound youngster arrived at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Ryan. The former goes around with a 3x6 smile on his face in consequence. Mr. Charles Kerney wishes the impression that his paper "Once a

Week" will command the subscription price of \$2.50 a year corrected. So we are in the dark as ever as to its price. However, it will be less than that, as far as I can judge from the tone of his letter.

Miss Forbes, of Omaha, Nebraska, has been staying with her sister in the west side the last two months. She was at Gallaudet College a year.

The Huffs have returned from Joliet on their sad mission of burying their boy. Doubtless, they find their home quite desolate.

A sixty-two-mile-an-hour wind caused the thermometer to go down fifty degrees, and the Chicago River to run back from the drainage canal to find out what was going on.

Mr. Regensburg is getting to be absent-minded. He went into the Public Library, and while buried in some musty tome, some one took his best hat, and left an old one in its place.

The College correspondent is in error in saying that the wreath for Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet was sent by the Alumni chapter here. It was sent by the Pas-a-Pas Club and its friends, thus making it more spontaneous in its character. Of course, the chapter took a leading part in the arrangement.

#### Huntington, Ind.

There was a wedding at Silver Lake, Ind., January 31st. The contracting parties were Mr. Aaron Collessier and Miss Cora Cross. The latter is not deaf. The wedding was quietly held at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Cross. The lady is the youngest daughter of Mr. Cross. The knot was tied by the Dunkard preacher. Mr. Aaron Collessier has a 40-acre farm fifteen miles north of Sidney, Ind. It was purchased of Mr. Cross last November, and they will make it their future home. Mr. Collessier is a prosperous farmer, well known among the deaf, and he has a host of friends who will wish him and his bride every possible happiness during their married life.

Mrs. B. A. Richards is now in Hillsdale, Ill., enjoying a pleasant visit with her relatives and friends, and reports having had a pleasant time. She will be gone a couple of weeks. Jesse W. Kuhlman has for several years run a levelling machine in a Huntington shoe factory, and is well liked by his employers. He can do from fifty to sixty dozen cases a day easily—this is a record breaker. And also he does all kinds of caning chair seats, etc., for the people at home of evenings. It is a profitable business.

August Moeller, of Ft. Wayne, went to Detroit, Mich., on a pleasure trip last week. He expects to spend a few days' visit with his old teachers and acquaintances. He was a former pupil of the German school there. He is a tailor by trade and a popular man. Ben F. Stech, of Majenica, Ind., is one of the popular bachelors among deaf-mutes, doing a large share enterprise on his father's big farm. He is a prosperous farmer and in comfortable circumstances. He lives eight miles from Huntington. He takes the JOURNAL.

Mr. J. Roscoe Eckman (mute), a prosperous farmer of Majenica, has the reputation of being the best man to look after his hogs. He sells more than the most of the farmers in the neighborhood, and since he has been raising hogs, has not had a case of sickness among them. He and wife live in a snug cottage.

#### New Century Gun Club of New Jersey.

The Committee having charge of the Ball to be given by the above organization, at Dunellen, N. J., on the eve of Washington's birthday, February 21st, begs leave to announce that they about 500 Havanas, a beautiful lamp, and other prizes which they will be pleased to award to winners in bowling contests, whist or euchre games.

The best way to reach the Hall from New York is to take the Central New Jersey Railroad for Dunellen, which is about two minutes' walk from the Hall.

The badges that will be worn by the Committee and members were made by Charles Schindler, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and will be on exhibition at Plainfield, N. J., two miles from Dunellen.

A fine supper will be provided at Taylor's Hotel at 50 cents per person, which will satisfy every one. The distance from New York to Dunellen, N. J., is thirty-five miles. It will give New Yorkers a nice long ride to the country, and an opportunity to enjoy a country dance—if not with your best girl—with your country cousins. Come one! Come all! The more the merrier.

It will be the anniversary of the Father of his Country ere you turn homeward, and the chances are you, you'll wish to spend it with the Gun Club—and you will be accommodated.

Now don't forget that the ball takes place on February 21st, 1900. Respectfully,  
CHAS. MCMAHUS.

## PHILADELPHIA.

### A Reception to Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

#### DEAF LITHOGRAPHERS.

#### News Items.

[From our Philadelphia Correspondent.]

After a long absence, Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, of New York, visited All Souls' parish again, and he was tendered an informal reception at the Church on Thursday evening, February 8th. The Guild Hall was filled with deaf like when an entertainment is given, showing that the Reverend Doctor has many friends and admirers in this vicinity. Had the weather been other than it was, a still larger attendance would have been possible.

To us, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet looked hale and hearty, and but for the marked whiteness of his beard it were difficult to see much difference in him since his last visit, either in age or his manner of delivery. Perhaps he felt encouraged and happy to be greeted by so many deaf that evening, and in consequence, showed unusual animation when he addressed us from the platform. Any how, we were really pleased to see him again and earnestly hope that it was not his last visit.

Rev. J. M. Koehler presided at the meeting, and made a short complimentary speech to Dr. Gallaudet before inviting him to address his friends.

The Doctor then responded with his usual good nature, and afterwards delivered an instructive address on six great P's:

PEACE PATIENCE  
PERSEVERANCE PURITY  
PATRIOTISM PIETY.

It was a religious address, of course; but it was highly appreciated for its interesting character. Each word on the list received full and separate treatment, from which the reader may get an idea of the "delicious pot-pourri" the good Doctor treated his friends with.

At the conclusion, Dr. Gallaudet said that he had not aimed to deliver a sermon, but he hoped that all was acceptable, and that, if it was found to be his last visit to Philadelphia, his friends present would take it for his last words and remember him by them.

"Avon," in last week's *Register*, speaks of Mr. Alfred Feast's business calling, and gives it as his belief that "J. S. R." follows the same kind. Mr. Reid doubts that he does. From what he can glean from Avon's statement, Mr. Feast probably engraves on wood and metal, and his work is printed from relief blocks. Mr. Reid is a lithographic color artist, draws on stone with crayon and ink, and his work is printed from stone. He has nothing to do with "process" work, which is largely employed for label making. If the above is correct, then we many name Mr. Charles Partington, formerly of England, and Mr. Otto Koenig, a German, as working in Mr. Feast's line. It is, indeed, a strange fact that there are few such engravers and lithographers in this country, and that most of them are foreigners.

Mr. Reid is not the only one of his kind in America. There are one or two others, but he can't recall their names. Mr. Reid has met a number of hearing lithographers from foreign countries, and each one could tell of a deaf lithographer in his native land. Germany, the birthplace of Lithography, leads in number, and England comes next. France no doubt has some. Another strange fact is that all were reported as proficient in the art.

"To be no not to be, that's the question." To be locked out of one's own home on which hundreds of dollars have been spent, is another and a serious question. But when it's done by the unfortunate's own forgetfulness, the temptation to say unutterable things is great. Such was the plight of the writer last Thursday evening. Leaving his home in a hurry to attend the Gallaudet Reception, he found to his dismay that he had left both keys and money in the house, and, his wife being out of the city, his entrance was hopeless that night.

However, in Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Stevens, of Merchantville, N. J., he found a most kind host and hostess, and his troubles were forgotten for the time being. Next morning he decided to effect an entrance at one of the windows of the upper story and enlisted the assistance of neighbor Underwood. Two ladders were procured, and with these the obliging Mr. Underwood performed the highest feat of his life. All went well then.

"Truth is stranger than fiction." Here's an illustration: Late last Saturday night the two heads of an uptown family (deaf, of course) were returning home with a stocked market basket. When near the place they call "sweet home," they noticed an unusual obstruction in

the middle of the street. A halt was made, eyes opened as wide as possible, and two beer boxes were revealed to them. A hurried examination was decided on, and to their great surprise they found both boxes filled with bottled beer, five having the neck broken off. Neither vehicle, not cop, nor other interested person was in sight, and the finders claimed the prize. Evidently the boxes fell off a beer wagon the driver of which was d.

Mr. A. C. Buxton has gone back to Baltimore for a while.

The Board of All Souls' Guild held its regular monthly meeting at the Church, last Tuesday evening, a week.

Mr. L. I. Ash visited the City over Sunday.

Mr. Joseph Dorfner is nursing a bad cold.

Miss Mary L. Lentz returned from New York recently.

Mr. Harry Smith, formerly of Trenton, but now of Rosemont, N. J., is visiting here and, if he can obtain employment, will remain. He was a classmate of Mrs. Spencer M. Hannold. He is well known in sporting circles, and holds the championship of blue rock shooting in Hunterdon County.

Mrs. J. S. Reider returned from York, Pa., to day (Monday). Feb. 12, '00. J. S. R.

#### Troy, N. Y.

The Rev. and Mrs. H. A. Van Allen issued invitations for the tenth anniversary of their marriage, which occurred on Saturday, the 10th inst. It was an enjoyable affair, and many useful and fine presents were received. A fine menu was served to the guests, about thirty in number.

John T. Campbell is in Schenectady, having got work there through the influence of his good friend, Mr. Carmichael.

Mrs. C. Augustus Smith received a pleasant call from her cousin, Mrs. Kaye and child, from Kentucky.

Mr. and Mrs. Watts have moved here from Schenectady. Both were in Vermont for a while before coming down this way.

G. Gibboe is limping, caused by a cut he received on the ball of his knee, from his axe, while cutting down a tree.

Host (examining a tin bugle)—"What is this for?" Donor—"For tin wedding."

Host—"Yes, but of what use is it?"

Donor (causing laughter)—"For use in case of fire, thus calling out the fire department."

And the host fled, and looked over the other presents in another room.

Speaking of the alleged cure of deafness, reminds of us of a case in point here.

James W. Witbeck, once upon a time, went to see a man, who was alleged as being able to "restore the deaf-mutes to society." Guess the result! Why, James came out seventy-five dollars poorer, and is as deaf as ever. He would, at the approach of such a fraud, take to the woods.

And in the words of R. Maynard: "The woods are literally full of 'em."

Edward Curtis and wife were in Troy recently.

Miss Rosa Getty was in Hoosick Falls for a few days, as the guest of Mrs. Lortie.

Henry Hall is employed in a collar factory in Troy.

Joseph S. Kinney, who works in Lansingburgh, at a distance of four miles from his home, remained at home recently, because there were no cars running, on account of strike on the road, of a week's duration.

To walk eight miles a day would be too much for one who habitually rides in a car, or a wheel, as the case may be.

One on him who, if the story is genuine, broke open a box in the hope of finding money. The envelope he held and felt, looked as if it contained dollar bills. In opening it, his mouth parted in disappointment, for the contents was nothing, but news notes! If the writer thereof was a loser, certainly the other gained nothing by it.

C.

#### Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

FEBRUARY.

16-7.30 P.M., Trinity Parish House, Utica, N. Y.  
17-Rome.  
18-3.30 P.M., Zion Church, Rome.  
19-7.30 P.M., Oneida.  
20-7.30 P.M., Christ Church, Binghamton.  
21-8 P.M., St. Paul's, Syracuse. Holy Communion.  
22-8 P.M., Geneva.  
23-(Ash. Wednesday) 8 P.M., St. Paul's, Buffalo.

MARCH.

1-8 P.M., St. Luke's, Rochester. Lenten Service.  
2-8 P.M., St. Paul's, Syracuse. Lenten Service.  
4-11 A.M., St. Luke's, Rochester. Holy Communion.  
4-7.30 P.M., St. Luke's, Rochester. Evening Prayer.

Address: REV. C. O. DANTZER, 11 Myson Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Model farm to be established near Washington by Agricultural Department.

## NEW JERSEY.

Mrs. James Nash, of Newark, is now ill with the blood poison. She was taken to St. Barnabas Hospital for examination. Her right arm is swollen with the poison to the bone. The doctor finds the bone was rotten. Amputation is necessary. Mr. Nash authorized the doctor to do what he thinks best to save her life. So this will be done. Mr. Nash has four children. They will be taken care of by their relatives. He is to defray the expenses for their support. Mr. Nash is employed in Richardson & Co.'s Saw Mill, and has steady employment.

Mr. Geo. W. H. Van Ness came very nearly being run over by a trolley last Sunday evening, the 4th inst., at the corner of Springfield and South Orange Avenue. He called on Mr. Bailey on some special business. He was about to start for home. Mr. Bailey loaned him an umbrella to protect him from the heavy rain. At the corner he crossed, the trolley came rushing down the hill and knocked Mr. Van Ness off the track, with little injury to himself. He was picked up by the conductor and carried to the Pennsylvania Railroad Depot. Then he walked home. The next day he called at the Company's office to claim damages for the loss of the new umbrella and his new clothes all soiled with mud and water. After a little deliberation, it was agreed to give him ten dollars damages. In twenty-four hours he was at work.

Mr. John Black, of Rahway, is no more at Rahway, as was stated before. His home is in Newark, where he is looking for something to do, either as a compositor, or anything he could find that will suit him. His parents are dead. The estate cannot be settled for some time to come, until the others arrive at age.

Emil Schieffer, of Montclair, is busy at work with Tiffany & Co., of New York, as a glass cutter. He starts at 5 A.M. for New York and frequently returns rather late in the evenings.

The Managers of the New Century Gun Club were guests of the League of Ellet Surds, at their Ball in Brooklyn. They had a fine time, and rest assured the people will in return pay a visit to the New Century Gun Club's Ball.

John B. Ward, while returning from a New York theatre with a friend, on reaching Jersey City, was knocked down by a horse. His back was slightly injured and his clothes badly soiled. He was able to work next day. He is a machinist with Whitehead & Hoag, in which firm his brother-in-law is a partner.

The deaf-mute society contemplates holding a theatrical entertainment, at Jacoby's Hall, on March third, under the management of Chas. Hummer. It is to be an excellent piece of play. Of course the people would appreciate it. It will be much better than last year.

#### May Be True.

The story is told that when General Ludlow was stationed at Detroit, in charge of the river and harbor work, a contractor visited him who wanted to do some government work. With his visiting card the contractor put on the table a fifty dollar bill. General Ludlow drew forth two cigars and gave the contractor one of them. Then turning to the table, and not seeing a match, he took the fifty bill note, twisted it into a lighter, set it aflame at the open grate fire, and lit his cigar with it slowly and carefully. Then he handed the burning stump of the bill to the contractor.

#### Her Own Prescription.

Dr. Young—My dear, your throat demands better protection from the drafts of the opera house.

Mrs. Young—Yes, darling; I ought to have a three rope pearl necklace for such occasions.—*Jewellers' Weekly.*

#### Not Her Abode.

"My income is small," said a rather dilatory lover, "and perhaps it is cruel of me to take you from your father's roof."

"But I don't live on the roof," was the prompt reply.—*Harlem Life.*

#### "TRY, TRY AGAIN."

Yes, 'tis an old, old saw indeed: Yet, ever you scorn, I ask you. The proverb in new light to read. I promise not to task you. The simple words yield not alone Earth's secret of successes. Who grasps their deeper thought doth own. The key to all that blesses—To conquest o'er besetting sin. The saddened and dejected: To prayer that doth full answer win; To character perfecting; To heaven itself, reached by no bound. But theirs who, struggling daily, Do mount life's ladder, round by round, As sings the poet truly.

Aye, more than worldly wise is he Who heeds this saying olden. His shall the "Well done" plaudit be. The crown and scepter golden.—*Good Housekeeping.*

A bald-headed man never gets over trying to make his hair grow.



## FANWOOD.

Hon. Enoch L. Fancher  
is Dead.

### LECTURE ON THE BOER

#### A Few News Items.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The Institution flags were placed at half mast, Saturday, Sunday and Monday. In the chapel Sunday morning Principal Currier officially notified us of the death of Judge Enoch L. Fancher, for sixteen years President of the Board of Directors of this Institution, and connected with the Institution for forty-two years. He rendered many valuable services to the Institution, originating and preparing several bills to aid the education of the deaf. The members of the Institution feel that in him they have lost a valuable friend, one who had the welfare of the deaf always at heart. The officers of the Institution will wear a band of crepe on the left sleeve for thirty days, as a mark of respect to the deceased.

Prof. Burdick's lecture on the Boers before the Fanwood Literary Association, Saturday evening, was very interesting. He gave a brief history of the Dutch in South Africa, from the time they settled Cape of Good Hope in 1652, down to the present war and its causes. A glimpse of the character, home life, religion and government of the Boers was obtained. A large map of Africa to illustrate the geographical description was used.

The Transvaal, from Trans (across) and Vaal (the name of a river), is about 24 times as large as New York State, with a population of 211,000 Uitlanders, Kafirs and Zulus, 600,000, and a Boer population of 78,000.

It will be seen that the numbers of Boers is small in comparison with other nationalities, yet the government is in the hands of the 78,000 Boers leaving the other 211,000 with no voice in the affairs of government, no representation, and no protection of property is afforded them. The Uitlanders have done much to enrich the Transvaal, more than the Boers themselves. The motive of the Boers in refusing them franchise privileges, seems to be to discourage foreigners settling in the Transvaal. We cannot help admiring the brave resistance the Boers are making against the English, although our sympathies are with our mother country.

The lecture occupied about an hour, and a hearty vote of thanks was tendered Prof. Burdick at its close.

Mr. Andrews, a representative of the Department of Public Instruction, at Albany, was at the Institution Thursday and Friday. Principal Currier conducted him through the various departments, so he could see the methods of instruction pursued here. Thursday, he spent in looking over the school room work of the various grades at the Main Building, and Friday was spent in the Trade Schools and other departments at the Mansion House.

Misses Prudence Burdick, Eva E. Buckingham and Florence G. Smith, took Misses Gertrude Turner, Lydia Smith and Alice Judge to see Ben Hur, at the Broadway Theatre, Friday night. They enjoyed the play very much, or they would not be so anxious for their cadet classmates to go, see, and share the enjoyment.

Mr. J. W. Lyons, of Bensonhurst, L. I., was here one day last week. Mr. Lyons is a volunteer life saver, stationed at Coney Island during the summer. He has rescued twenty-eight lives during the past season, and has several medals to show for it.

Captain A. C. Reiff was riding on one of the new 40-foot electric cars on Amsterdam Avenue Saturday. He spied Corporal James Seelig, legging it to Harlem. Reiff told Seelig to get on the car, and he (Reiff) would pay his fare. By dint of extraordinary sprinting, for Seelig is very fast, he got aboard the car, only to find that he would have to pay his own fare. Reiff comforted him with the assertion that sprinting was a good thing to reduce corpulency.

#### What Might Have Been.

"Now, I suppose," remarked Mrs. Snaggs, "that the surgeons of the army are attached to the medical corps."

"Your supposition does you great credit," replied Mr. Snaggs sarcastically. "It's a wonder you didn't imagine that doctors joined the army for the purpose of building bridges or going up in a balloon. Where should army surgeons be except in the medical corps?"

"Well, I thought that they might possibly belong to the lancers."—*London Standard.*

#### Beautiful and Quaint Romance.

IT IS RECALLED BY THE PRESENCE OF ONE OF THE LADIES VISITING IN CONNECTION WITH THE ARMY.

Miss Hattie Meigs, of New York, the living representative of the Grand Old Meigs Family—Return Jonathan Meigs, once a resident in this community.

Apropos the ladies of the army, Miss Hattie Meigs, of New York, who is with her friend, Mrs. Capt. Mackay, at Mrs. Freeman's, has in her family an unusually quaint and interesting bit of romance. Miss Meigs is a descendant of the old Puritan stock, and the story runs that once upon a time, long years ago, one of her forefathers, a certain Jonathan Meigs, was in love with a very beautiful little Quakeress. The story of his love had been told to her on several occasions, but owing to religious differences, she had always said to him nay. He finally became disheartened, as sometimes even the most ardent of lovers will, and left home to join in the War of the Revolution. This action of his proved the very best thing he could possibly have done to help his cause, for realizing the dangers to which he was exposed, the sleeping heart of the maiden awoke, and she realized that her people, her religion, and everything was subservient to her love, and that she loved him with all a woman's intensity. Being a Puritan maiden, it never occurred to her to hesitate or dissemble in her action to recall him, and one evening after a hard fought battle in which the English forces were severely routed, and Lieutenant Meigs had for heroic services on the battlefield been promoted to a colonelcy, he received a letter in which was traced in delicate penmanship, the simple, yet to him eloquent words, "Return Jonathan, and I will wed thee." His cup of happiness was full to the brim; a furlough was immediately secured, he returned to his beloved little Quakeress, and they were wedded. Their first son was called "Return Jonathan," in commemoration of the message, which had turned the whole current of his life, and which had caused him so much joy, and every generation for the seven which have followed, has always had in it a "Return Jonathan" Meigs.

The above can be verified by some of Augusta's old residents, who still remember Mr. Return Jonathan Meigs, who years before the Civil War, lived on the Sand Hill, and occupied a homestead where the residence of the late Mrs. Aretiennes Gould is now situated. Mr. Meigs was a bachelor of means, and was not engaged in any business pursuits. He has long since passed away, and is doubtless buried in the Summerville Cemetery.

By an unique coincidence, one of his nearest neighbors and best friends was a Mr. McKay, a son of whom, Mr. James McKay, is buried in the city cemetery, and whose memory is honored by all Augustans for the heroic services rendered during the yellow fever epidemic of 1839, services which cost him his life. Miss Hattie Meigs, the present representative of the above little romance, has inherited the fair beauty of her long ago ancestress, but her unaffected cordiality and charming vivacity give no evidence whatever of her Quaker origin.—*Chronicle, Augusta, Ga.*

[The Miss Hattie Meigs referred to was a teacher at the New York Institution for forty-seven years, and is now retired with a life pension. Hundreds of JOURNAL readers know and love her, as a kind-hearted lady, whose Christian example and charity have been a guide and a blessing.—ED. JOURNAL.]

#### Gutenberg's Memory to be Honored

THE five hundredth anniversary of the birth of Johann Gutenberg, the inventor of the art of printing, will be celebrated at his birthplace, Mainz-on-the-Rhine, in June, 1900. The festival is to be an international one, and a "printing exhibition," to which all nations are invited to contribute, will be opened on the first day of the festival.

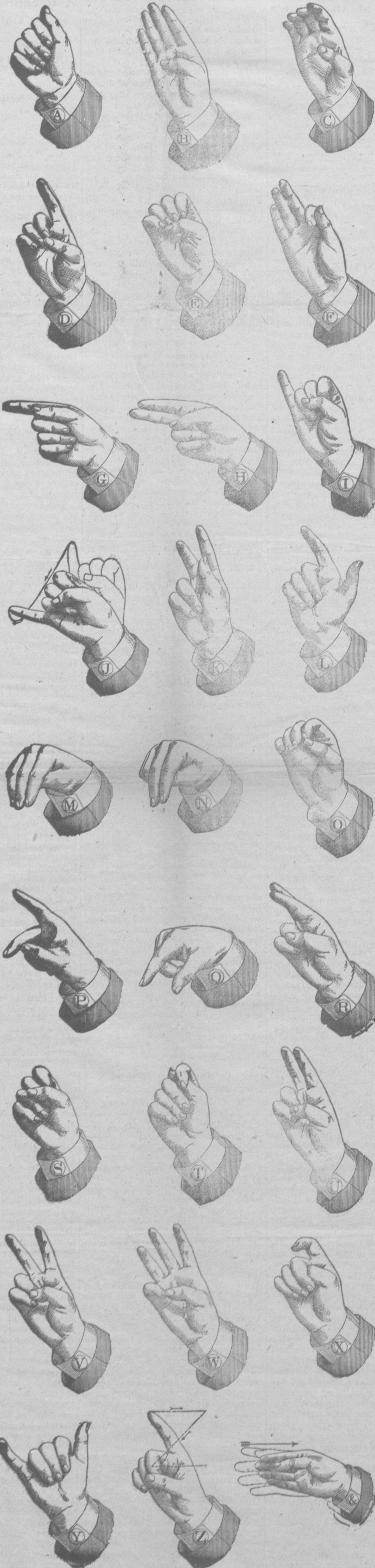
The exhibition will be arranged in three distinct classifications: First, historical; second, graphic; and third, mechanical. The first will illustrate the development of printing in different ages and among different races.

The second will attempt to give as complete a survey as possible of the reproductions of graphic art by means of the printing press in the present age.

The third will contain the most modern machinery of the press.

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2. On the steamer "Tonka" on Lake Minnetonka. This picture makes the handsomest Souvenir of all.
3. In the Park at the Picnic; this is also a beautiful photograph and contains more faces than any except Capitol group.
4. On the steps at the west entrance to the State Capitol, St. Paul. This group contains all the delegates and every one should have a copy of it.

Copies of these will be shown in St. Paul by Mr. Spear, in Chicago by Mr. Wayman, in St. Louis by Mr. Schaub.

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#### DIRECTIONS.

For Dunellen take Central Railroad of New Jersey, at foot of Liberty Street, New York, every half hour or hour. From Newark, Broad Street depot for Elizabeth, N. J., take trains from New York, 6:19, 8:15, 8:50 and 9:30 P.M.

The round fare from New York to Dunellen via the Central Railroad is \$1.15, and that from Newark to Dunellen is 90 cents. Those residing at Jersey City can take Pennsylvania Railroad to Elizabeth and then proceed to Dunellen on the Central Railroad.

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HALL

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#### ANNOUNCEMENT

Owing to enforced alterations on the part of the proprietor of Jacoby's Hall, the New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society have been obliged to postpone the previous date set for their entertainment from February 23d, 1900, to Saturday evening, March 3d, 1900.

Persons holding tickets printed February 23d, are requested to return same to the Society, or to the member thereof from which they received them, and will be given in return new tickets with the March 3d date.

#### DIRECTIONS

FOR REACHING JACOBY'S HALL.

The Central Railroad from foot of Liberty St., N. Y., to Broad St., Newark, N. J., Jacoby's Hall is just a few doors above the depot on same side of Broad Street.

OR  
Take Pennsylvania Railroad from West 33d Street, Dehorsses or Courtlandt Sts., N. Y., to Market St., Newark. Walk west along Market to Broad St., then turn south. Jacoby's Hall is two blocks south of Market on Broad St.

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